

## Thirty Pounds in Thirty Days.

REMARKABLE GAIN IN WEIGHT OF A CALIFORNIA MINER.

A Physical Wreck and Not Expected to Live—He Begins the Use of Pink Pills and in Three Days is Able to Walk—His Friends Corroborate His Testimony.

From the Republican, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Here is a true story from California: Some three years ago, James H. Falkner, of Santa Rosa, while prospecting, discovered a quicksilver mine, and while preparing to work it, was alone on his ranch, far from anyone. It was there he was attacked by pneumonia, and when found five days after and carried to his home he was apparently dying. He did not die, however, but for over a year was in daily expectancy of death from what was pronounced by nearly all the physicians as consumption.

At the end of about one year Mr. Falkner heard that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were sometimes efficacious in such maladies as his, and procured some. The result was astounding, for before three boxes of the pills had been taken, the man who had been given over, and could not walk without assistance when he began his use, was working at his trade, and has ever since been a hale and hearty man.

These facts are vouched for by such men as Sheriff Allen, Mr. C. L. Mahaley, the City Clerk, of Santa Rosa, Mr. Perry Pitts, the well-known lumber dealer, and many others, and were made the subject of quite an extended article in the Santa Rosa Republican, by Mr. Virgil Moore, the well-known correspondent, who resides near Mr. Falkner, and was familiar with the whole circumstances.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form), by the dozen or hundred at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had at all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## NO MORE LATE HOURS.

Citizens of This Town Must Come In Out of the Night Air.

The town council of Blackshear, Ga., has passed a most unique and interesting ordinance, making it an offense for any citizen of any age, size, color or sex to be found on the streets after 10 o'clock at night without a good excuse.

When seen on the streets after that hour, they will either be arrested or their names taken by the marshal, and they must appear before the mayor the next morning and explain their appearance at that hour in a satisfactory manner or pay the customary fine.

They call it the "fourth ordinance," and it was passed for the purpose of getting rid of a gang of loafers known as the Browns gang.

It hits all the citizens, however, and it is said there is liable to be a strong kick against such stringent legislation. —Atlanta Constitution.

## Railroad Trainmen

are especially liable to kidney disease, caused by the constant jolting and nervous strain to which they are subjected.



restores the kidneys to healthy action. Here is one of many testimonials on this point:

M. Nevin, 154 North Curtis Street, Chicago, Ill., says:

"I am an engineer on the Chicago and North Western Railroad, and have run an engine for the past twelve years. The constant jolting, shaking, and nervous strain to which I am subjected, has caused me to suffer from kidney trouble, but not until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was I benefited. I am now in perfect health, and my kidneys are in perfect condition. I can now do my work as well as ever, and I feel much better than I did before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can now do my work as well as ever, and I feel much better than I did before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes of 50 cents each, and may be had at all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

KODAK AGENCY H. B. Houser, carries a full line of Kodak cameras and supplies. Developing and printing a specialty. 1895 Market St., S.F.

TYPEWRITERS Remington 400 Smith 550. Your sample work, Scott & Bennett, 225 Mont St., S.F.

TYPEWRITER & Mimeograph Supplies for all kinds of business. Send for Catalogue. United Typewriter & Supply Co. 609 Mark St., S.F.

# \$100.00

to be divided among the-----of the missing word.

FINDERS is the answer.

Schilling's Best tea is not only pure but it is-----because it is fresh-roasted.

What is the missing word?

Get Schilling's Best tea at your grocer's; take out the Yellow Ticket (there is one in every package); send it with your guess to address below before August 31st.

One word allowed for every yellow ticket. If your ticket (or tickets) reaches us before July 1st, you are entitled to two words for each ticket.

If only one person finds the word, he gets one thousand dollars. If several find it, the money will be divided equally among them.

One sending a yellow ticket will get a set of cardboard creeping end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive a charming 1898 calendar, no advertisement on it.

and dollars, we will pay \$150 each to the two persons who send the most number of yellow tickets in one envelope between June 1st and August 31st.

Cut out this ticket and send it to us.

You won't see it again.

for two weeks.

Address: SCHILLING, 100 SAN FRANCISCO.

## WIFE DANCED IN PANTS.

This Did Not Suit the Husband, So He Bought a Waist.

William and Louise Deitrichs, man and wife, aged respectively 19 and 14 years, who live in Canasie, a suburb of Brooklyn, appeared recently in the Grant Street police court, where William asked that his wife be arrested.

"What for?" asked the justice.

"Well, she's too fresh."

"That's no crime. Besides, she looks young enough to be fresh. How old is she?"

"She's 14 years old, and if she's old enough to be married she's old enough to behave herself."

"How has she been misbehaving?"

"She had some boys up to see her, and she put on my pants and danced for them."

"Is that true?" the justice asked the girl.

"There wasn't any harm in it," said she. "I had on my whole suit. I only did it for fun."

"I can't put her under arrest for that," said the justice to the youthful husband, "although I don't approve of it."

"Then I want a warrant for my mother-in-law and her father."

"What have they been doing?"

"When I kicked about my wife's acting bad, they licked me. They said, 'You're part of our family now, and then they lifted me good.'"

Here William evinced signs of tearfulness.

"I guess they won't do any more," said the justice. "You don't want to have any trouble in the family if you can help it. It will spoil your whole life. Let me talk to the girl for a few minutes."

After the conversation the young wife promised that she would be more careful in the future, and she and her husband went away together.

"That is what comes of children marrying," said the justice. —New York Sun.

## RICHEST ENLISTED MAN.

Only a Common Soldier, and Yet He Laid Up a Fortune.

With simple military honors the oldest and wealthiest enlisted man in the United States was buried in the National cemetery at West Point recently.

He was Michael Cashman, who for more than 40 years served in the army service detachment stationed at the military academy. During the past few years he has lived in Highland Falls, enjoying the fruits of his long and faithful service.

On the meager pay and allowance of an enlisted man Cashman accumulated a small fortune. It is figured all the way from \$50,000 to \$100,000, no one knowing the exact amount. The poor old soldier worked unceasingly and hoarded his little fortune because he idolized an only child, a beautiful young girl.

She was educated at Mount St. Vincent, N. Y., and was afforded every opportunity to get an excellent education. Last November the young woman died, leaving an infant child. She died of a broken heart, her mother having expired suddenly only a short time before. The death of his daughter was a great blow to the old soldier. It was unexpected, and he never recovered from the shock.

## Fell and Laughed.

Elmer F. Butts, aged 2 years, lives with his parents in Carlisle avenue, Cincinnati. One afternoon recently he was playing on the third floor of his parents' home when he climbed on the window sill. Suddenly he lost his balance and fell to the walk below, a distance of 35 feet. A number of persons saw the child fall and screamed, which attracted the attention of the father, who ran down, expecting to find the mangled corpse of his little one. Instead he found Elmer sitting up looking around and laughing in high glee. A doctor was summoned and after a very careful examination found that the little one had escaped without an injury. How this result was achieved is past comprehension.

## His Busy Day.

Thomas Kennedy of Sidney, O., was arrested one morning recently for drunkenness. In the afternoon he was taken before Mayor Nessler and fined \$5 and costs. He had no money, but secured the fine and costs and was released. Within an hour after being fined he came back to the mayor and wanted to be married. He brought his fiancée, Miss Mary Wilkerson, with him. The young lady paid for the license and the mayor's charges, and the mayor then performed the ceremony. —Cincinnati Enquirer.



## Anecdote and Incident

The late Professor Jowett had a curious way of commenting on the work that was brought to him by students. On one occasion he was shown a set of Greek verses. After looking them over carefully, he glanced up rather blankly and said to the author: "Have you any taste for mathematics?"

In one of the small New York towns where the residents swap farm products for groceries, a boy was sent to the store by his mother, and this (says the New York Times) is what an astonished outsider heard him say to the store-keeper: "Mister, ma says you're to please give me a egg's worth of mustard. The ben is on."

When Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a tutor, he once invited a number of his men to a "wine"—as the entertainments of those days used to be called. Noticing a vacant place, he said to his servant, "Why is not Mr. Smith here?" "He is dead, sir," was the reply. "I wish you would tell me when my pupils die?" was the indignant answer.

An Irish conductor on a branch of Boston's West End railroad called into the car one day and called out, "Wan seat on the right! Sit closer on the right, an' meek room for the laddy phwat's standing." A big, burly-looking man who was occupying space enough for two said, sullenly, "We can't sit any closer." "Can't ye?" retorted the little conductor; "begorry, you never went courtin', thin." It is needless to add that room was made "on the right" for the lady.

An amusing story is told of how the late Lord Fitzgerald discomfited a treasury official who was sent over from England to complain of the excessive expenditure for coal in the Lord Chief Justice's court. He received the man, and listened gravely and formally while the latter stated his errand and enlarged upon the importance of economy in the matter of fuel. At the conclusion of the discourse, he rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, said: "Tell Mary that the man has come about the coals."

Joseph Chamberlain is a young-looking man, though not so youthful as a few years ago, when he was a member of Gladstone's administration. Crossing the Irish Sea one day, when the steamer was overpowered, he was accompanied by a bearded private secretary. The latter picked an acquaintance with a Scotchman, with whom he discussed the slim possibility of securing berths. "You and I, mon," said the Scotchman, "we'll have the berths, and the wain ladder"—indicating the distinguished statesman—"can just lie himself down on the floor."

The papers are full of tales just now of how the late composer, Brahms, treated pianists and singers who were eager to get his criticism. If one of these aspirants for his favor was fortunate enough to find him at home and received, Brahms' first concern was to seat himself on the lid of his piano, a position from which he rightly deemed few would have the temerity to oust him. If this failed, he had recourse to the statement that the instrument was out of tune, "Oh, that does not matter," remarked one courageous individual. "Perhaps not to you, but it does to me," replied the master. On one occasion, he was just leaving his house when a long-haired youth, with a bundle of music under his arm, hailed him with: "Can you tell me where Dr. Brahms lives?" "Certainly," answered the master, in the most amiable manner; "in this house, up three flights," and so saying, he hurried away.

Signor Arditi, the musical conductor, whose baldness is well-known, wore a wig only once in his life. It was in New York, and he bore as philosophically as might be the surprise betrayed by the orchestra at his novel appearance. But, while the musicians were tuning up, he began to feel uncomfortable. Presently the door opened and Albert passed in. Arditi knew that the prima donna had an inveterate abhorrence of wigs. "Where is Arditi?" she inquired of one of the company. "Here I am," replied the conductor, rather shamefacedly, stepping forward. She looked at him for a moment, and then burst into laughter. "What, Arditi?" she called; "is it indeed you in that wig? Never, in the world! My good friend, I should never be able to sing with that before me. Here!" With one bound she seized upon the unfortunate wig, dragged it from his head, and threw it to the other side of the room. He did not replace it; and though he always fancied that a wig would become him, he never again wore one.

A Curious Natural Phenomenon.

One of the most curious natural phenomena, and one which has never yet been explained by the philosophers, is that in reference to the expansion of freezing water. The case of water is a singular exception to all natural laws of expansion by heat and contraction by cold which apply in cases of all other known liquids. When water is freezing, it contracts in bulk down to the point where the mercury reaches the reading of 39½ degrees, or 7½ degrees above freezing, from which point it slowly expands according to the intensity of cold. No other liquid is known to possess this remarkable property, except that certain metals expand slightly in passing from a liquid to a solid state. But if heat be applied to water after it has cooled down to a temperature of 39½ degrees—the point where it is ready to begin expanding, should a greater degree of cold be applied—it will immediately expand by the universal law. But should we lower the temperature to 32 degrees it will expand by its own special law. Another curious point to be noted here is this—the amount of expansion is as great in water lowered from 39½ degrees down to 32 degrees as it is in water that has been heated so that the temperature runs from 39½ to 47 degrees. These points are certainly odd and curious and worthy of attention and experiment.

A Philosopher Corrected.

When Benjamin Franklin went to Paris as the representative of the revolted American colonies, he had to be escorted to the King, and it was a

matter of some solicitude with him how he should array himself for that ceremony.

He was anxious not to be considered lacking in respect for the French court, where much formality regarding dress was observed; but he knew it would be an affectation for so simple a republican as he was to imitate the court dress. He decided, therefore, and wisely, to appear in a plain suit of black velvet, with white silk stockings and black shoes.

Nevertheless, he deemed it best to make one concession to the French fashion of the time by wearing a wig—something which he had not been accustomed to do. He ordered of a wig-maker the largest one the man had, and in season for the presentation the man himself brought the wig and set about trying it on.

But do all he could, the man could not squeeze the wig on the philosopher's head. He tried and tried, and also essayed to convince Franklin, against the evidence of his senses, that the wig was a fit. Finally Franklin said: "I tell you, man, your wig is not large enough."

Upon this the Frenchman threw the wig down in a rage.

"Monsieur," he said, "that is impossible. It is not the wig which is too large. It is the head which is too large!"

Accepting the rebuke as deserved, Franklin went to the presentation without any wig, and found there that the simplicity of his dress and the honesty and candor of his manners won him more esteem at the court than any concession to fashion could possibly have done.

Formation of Words.

The latest addition to the English language is the word "bike," and it is here to stay, since Queen Victoria has conferred the title of viscountess upon the footman who taught the numerous divers princes and princesses the art of cycling. From time to time words are coined when needed to tersely describe a fact or situation. About fifty years ago Coleridge deliberately coined the word intensely, because he required it to express a certain shade of meaning. In Spenser's time, "thoroughly" was good English, but it has since been suffering from overuse and is now a very useful word, "outside," never saw the light until Mr. Polk was nominated for President. Professor Marsh says that an undue pressure was made upon the delegates by those who were not delegates, and some reporters described it as a pressure from "outsiders." The term filled a long-felt want, and soon established itself as a constitutional part of the language, yet Hart says that it had no more real claim than upper-sider, under-sider, insular, left-sider, and right-sider. The words scupper, peninsula, suicide, opera and umbrella, were unknown until the seventeenth century. In the last century Bentley was criticised for using the term novel words, repudiate, concede, vernacular, timid and idiom; and Campbell hesitated about using the very new words compound, sentiment, originate, criminality, capability and originate. Horace says, "Use is the law of language, whether of single words, grammatical form, or grammatical construction." But Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism" gives some wholesome advice: "In words as fashions, the same rule will hold: Alike fantastic, if too new, or too old; Nor the first by whom the new is tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Life Saved by Hazing.

Charles Penelope, of Marlborough, Mass., who has been discharged from the army, is the only man in the world with a mended backbone. The surgeons had to hang him literally by the neck in order to mend it. But they succeeded, and his case is now attracting attention. The patient had been at the hospital since Oct. 24. All that he requires now is time in order to make him as good a man as he was before his back was broken.

The case has been one of great interest from the first. Penelope was picking apples from a tree at the Crowninshield farm, when the limb broke and he fell a distance of twenty feet, striking on his back. Upon examination it was found that his back was broken, and he was sent to the Salem hospital. In order to reduce the fracture it was necessary to resort to unusual methods. It could not be done with the patient lying in bed or in any other ordinary position. It was necessary to hang him by the head and neck.

So suspended in midair, the trunk was tightly bandaged with strips of cotton cloth saturated with plaster of paris. When this dried his form was held and supported firmly. This uncomfortable sort of clothing was not removed until Nov. 15, when it was found that the fractured vertebrae had knitted together successfully. The backbone had been broken right on a line with the shoulder blade, and the spinal cord had been lacerated. This injury had also been healed.

The patient is now able to sit up in a chair. He is able to move his head and arms, but has no control of his body below his shoulders yet, owing to the paralysis of the nerves. This, however, will be only temporary.

Hard to Please.

The son of a well-known Providence lawyer came home at the end of his first term in college exulting in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class. His father was less easily satisfied.

"What! Next to the head?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I send you to college for! Next to the head, indeed! Humph! I'd like to know why you aren't at the head, where you ought to be!"

The young man was naturally crestfallen, but upon his return to college he went about his work with such ambition that the end of the term found him in the coveted place. He went home very proud indeed. It was great news.

The lawyer contemplated his son for a few moments in silence; then with a shrug of his shoulders, he remarked: "At the head of the class, eh? Humph! That's a fine commentary on Brown University!"

Had No Grudge Against Them.

Uncle Ned—instead of coming to me why don't you borrow from your friends?

Dick—Why, because they are my friends, uncle. —New York Tribune.



## Why Maria Starts the Fire.

At the unholy hour of four, the time when all the world about I move, I'm awakened by a stunning door.

By my Maria.

She rises Phoenix-like from bed, puts on a wig to knock you dead, then in a moment she has fled.

To build the fire.

I hear a rumble and a roar, like wrecks upon a rockbound shore, then bang, down falls a ton or more.

Of coal for that blasted fire.

I hear a rattle, a roar, and slam, a muttered word that sounds like clam, she's wrestling with that fendish pan.

Of ashes from the fire.

Then into the cold world she goes, and bumps against a wind that blows about her from those misty doxies.

O, my, that blasted fire!

The pan of ashes veers about, I hear a wild bloodcurdling shout, the contents have been emptied out.

On my Maria!

She rises in her fearful wrath and kicks the ashpans up the wall; then comes the rest, the aftermath;

She sails in on the fire.

She works an hour and maybe more; I hear the contest through the door; I hear her struggling o'er the floor;

At last she builds the fire.

Then when it blazes cheerfully, my dear Maria steeps the tea, and cooks the buckwheats hot for me.

On that old kitchen fire.

No sign of conflict in her air, how calm, how sweet beyond compare, is my Maria, so dear, so fair.

Who builds the kitchen fire! —New Haven Register.

What the Wood Fire Said to Little Boy.

What said the wood in the fire?

To the little boy that night.

The little boy of the golden hair, As he rocked himself in his little arm chair.

When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said: "See! What they're doing to me! I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree! And waved my branches from east to west,

And many a sweet bird built its nest In my leaves of green.

That loved to lean In springtime over the daisies' breast.

From the blossomy dells Where the violet dwells.

The cattle came with their clanking bells And rested under my shadows sweet, And the winds that went over the clover and wheat.

Told me all that they knew Of the flowers that grew In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet!

"And the wild wind's caresses Oft ruffled my tresses.

But, sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid

(its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid; And I listened and heard The sweet heart of each bird As it beat in the nests that their mothers had made.

"And in springtime sweet faces Of myriad graces Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places, And under my grateful and joy-giving shade.

With cheeks like primroses, the little ones played, And the sunshine in showers Through all the bright hours Bounded their flowery ringlets with silvery braids.

"And the lightning Came brightening From storm skies and frightening The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze.

And tilted like ships on black billowy waves, But they flew to my breast. A-d I rocked them to sleep, While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the wood, "Fades the memory of good! For the forever came with his ax gleaming bright, And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.

Yet still there must be Some sweet vision for me! For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire To the little boy that night, The little boy of the golden hair, As he rocked himself in his little arm chair.

When the blaze was burning bright. —Atlanta Constitution.

Sound Photography.

The reported discovery of a method of sound photography is by no means incredible, since the photograph is not direct and the original sound waves set up a vibration on a drumhead. This drumhead is in contact with a certain liquid in such a way that the resultant photographs are wondrous geometrical designs, due to the expansion and vibration of this liquid. But there does not appear to be any particular value to the invention, otherwise than as a mere curiosity. The sounds even from the same person of the same tones would never be exactly alike.

"After the Deluge."

The origin of the oft-repeated phrase is attributed generally to Prince Metemich; but Douglas Jerrold ascribes it to Madame Pompadour. The sentiment is, however, traced back to Socrates.

If an air ship gets in your head, it will make more trouble than a wheel.

No man is so worthless that he cannot get a good man to recommend him.

HOIT'S SCHOOL. At Burlingame continues to maintain its high rank as one of the best schools for boys in California. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Pao's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds. —Mrs. C. Beltz, 430 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '96.

WINE PRESSER FOR SALE. Below Cost. Different Sizes. Also Stemmers and Seeders. Address, O. N. OWENS, 215 Bay St., San Francisco, Cal.

COLEMAN'S BUGGY CO.'S VEHICLES. Selling at about the same price as you pay for inferior ones. Also a large stock of harness, whips, robes and bicycles at less than cost. Big stock to select from. A. G. & J. Q. OLSEN, Manufacturers Agents, 215 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CHEAP IRRIGATION. The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, Cal., the largest builders of gas, oil and oil engines on the Coast, are making extensive preparations for the '97 season.

They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.

The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Colusa, which will raise 6000 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

She felt it an exquisite pleasure. The coarseness of the food and thick; Then, while it was a treat, she fell dosing. A call gave the finishing lick.

A VEIL OF MIST. Rising at morning or evening, from some low land, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malaria first prevails to or is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal agent. Hottel's stomachic filters with a 17 percent and a remedy. No person who is liable, or enjoys in a malarious country, should neglect to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.